

The Sketch

No. 771.—Vol. LX.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



THE NEW PATTI: MME. LOUISA TETRAZZINI, WHO SCORED A REMARKABLE SUCCESS AS VIOLETTA IN "LA TRAVIATA" LAST SATURDAY.

Madame Louisa Tetrazzini, who is being hailed as a new Patti, by reason of her performance in "La Traviata" last week, is one of the very distinguished sopranos of the operatic world, and her present appearance at Covent Garden is due to a misunderstanding with her agents that led her to accept engagements with both of the rival Opera Houses in New York. Like a prudent woman, who has no love for the law, she has decided to leave the United States severely alone for the present. Madame Tetrazzini is a light soprano, and in the operas of Donizetti, Rossini, Meyerbeer, and Verdi she has achieved an enormous success in Europe and South America. Her sister is the wife of that gifted conductor, Signor Cleofonte Campanini.—[Photograph by Napolis.]



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

London.

The Return of the Rain.

Again, if you will permit me, the "Hiawatha" metre—but this time in a grey cause. It is not yet sixteen weeks since I broke into blank verse, as one may say, in order to herald the return of the sun. Shall I shirk, then, the other side of the picture? Never!—whatever you may do. Without further prelude, therefore, off we go—

THE RETURN OF THE RAIN.

*Rain on town and rain on country,
Rain on men, and maids, and children,
Rain on pigs, and cows, and chickens,
Young giraffes and little polars,
Horses, motors, dogs, and 'buses,
Lovers, cut-throats, saints and sinners;
Rain that raineth night and daytime—
Deuced moist and demned unpleasant*

London woke to morn of blackness,
Woke, but rolled from right to left side,
Cursing Rose, the maid-of-no-play,
Saying that her clock was faulty,
Giving her a fortnight's notice,
Asking how she dared be up and
Doing quite an hour too early!

London's wife consulted clockette,
Found the time was eight-and-thirty,
Called Rose back and e'en forgave her,
Bade poor London hop and skip it,
Hop and skip it to the bath-room,
Plunge in quarts of icy water,
Dress by gaslight, drag on damp boots,
Splash through puddles to the station,
Sit next grumpy, cold, and wet men,
Dodge to office 'neath umbrella,
Lunch off beef and rainy gravy,
Shake, and ache, and moan, and shiver,
Go to bed with influenza.

Ethel woke and drew the blinds up,
Found the window blurred and streaming,
Pressed her nose against a cold pane,
Saw the street a mass of puddles;
Realised that handsome Theo-
dore, you know, her lovely lover,
Could not take her out a-golfing,
Could not linger near the bunker,
Enemy to all but lovers,
Could not wear his coat of scarlet,
Could not drive, in open taxi,
Home to tea, with face like beetroot.
"Well!" said Ethel—like a lady.

All day long the rain it raineth—
Rains upon the sleek and comfy
Mosenthal of many millions,
Snuggled up in motor-brougham,
Watching through the tight-shut window
Silly paupers in the archways,
Paupers old and ill and ragged,
Brainless, hopeless, all but lifeless,
Merely spoiling oxygen that
Mosenthal and Co. have purchased.

Rains upon the little Olaf,
Olaf standing at the window,
Stamping 'cause he can't go shopping,
Making faces at the soldiers,
Sneering at the crowds of Pressmen,
Grudging them their fill of copy,
Finding England very trying,
Saying things about the climate,
Things that make the nurses giggle,
Things not printed in the papers.

Rains upon the Strand and Fleet Street,
Avenues of slush and petrol,
Pretty lanes of death and slaughter,
Jumble, scurry, slaps, and cursing.
Rains on woeful little faces,
Sopping veils and leaving gutters,
Horrid, zigzag, tell-tale gutters,
Rivulets 'twixt banks of make-up,
Rendering the morning visit
To one's agent simply futile.
Rains upon the cheerful drunkard,
Giving cause for just another
If the fourpence be forthcoming—
"Fourpence, dear old sort, till Monday?"

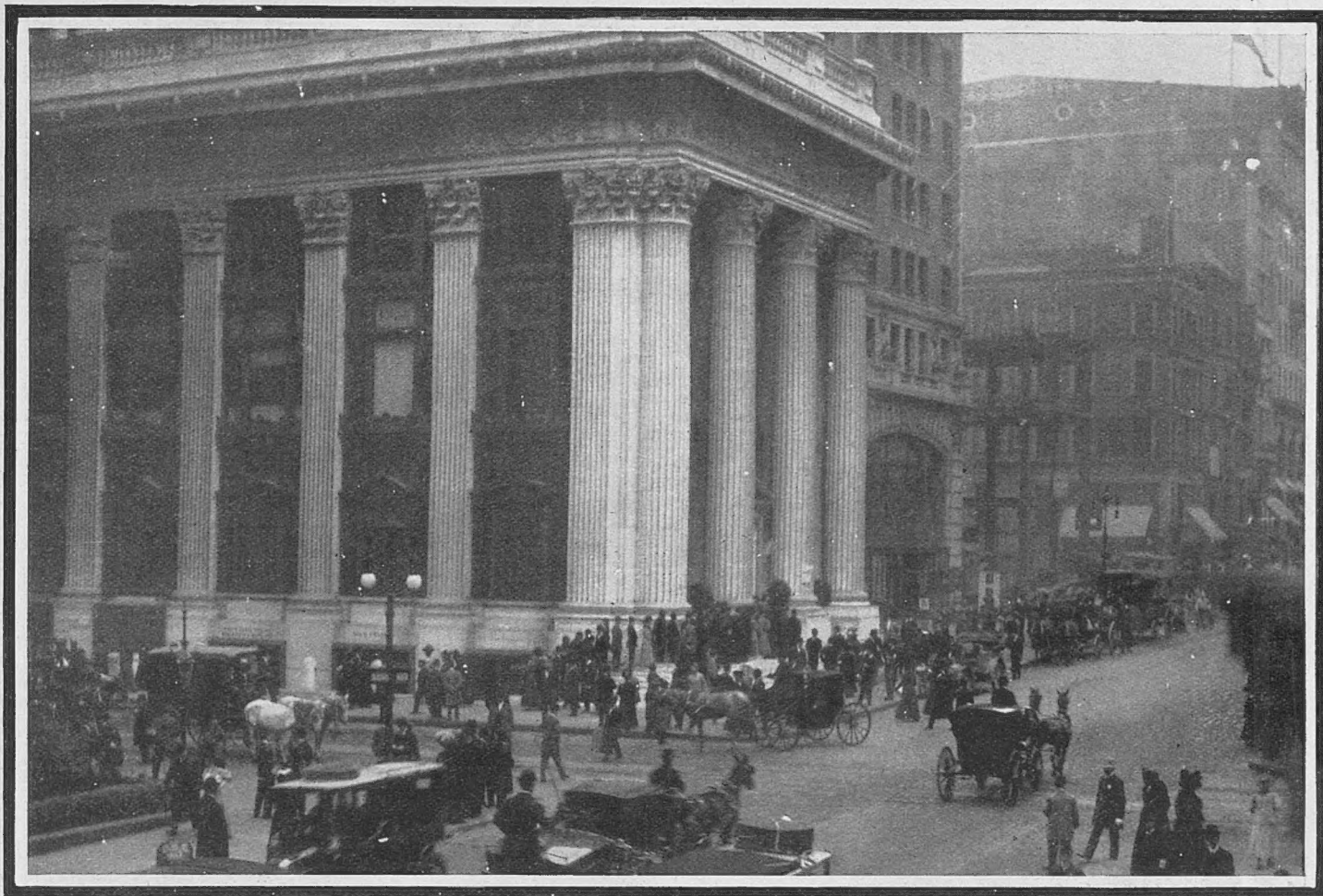
Rains upon the children's playgrounds,
Playgrounds desolate and empty,
Swings that swing without a burden,
Creaking in the gusts of autumn.

Thus the rain returned to London,
London of the streets and alleys,
Courts, and avenues, and byways,
Prisons, palaces, and hovels,
Pot-pourri of hell and heaven.

*Rain on town and rain on country:
Rain on men, and maids and children:
Rain on kittens, slugs, and beetles,
Milkmen, nursemaids, little polars,
Horses, motors, dogs, and 'buses,
Mister Bell and Little Olaf:
Rain that raineth night and daytime—
Deuced moist and demned unpleasant.*

"GIVE US BACK OUR DOUGH!"

A RUN ON A BANK PHOTOGRAPHED.



A STRANGE CONTRAST TO THE THEATRE QUEUE: A LINE OF PEOPLE WAITING TO SEE WHETHER THE KNICKERBOCKER BANK WOULD REOPEN ITS DOORS.

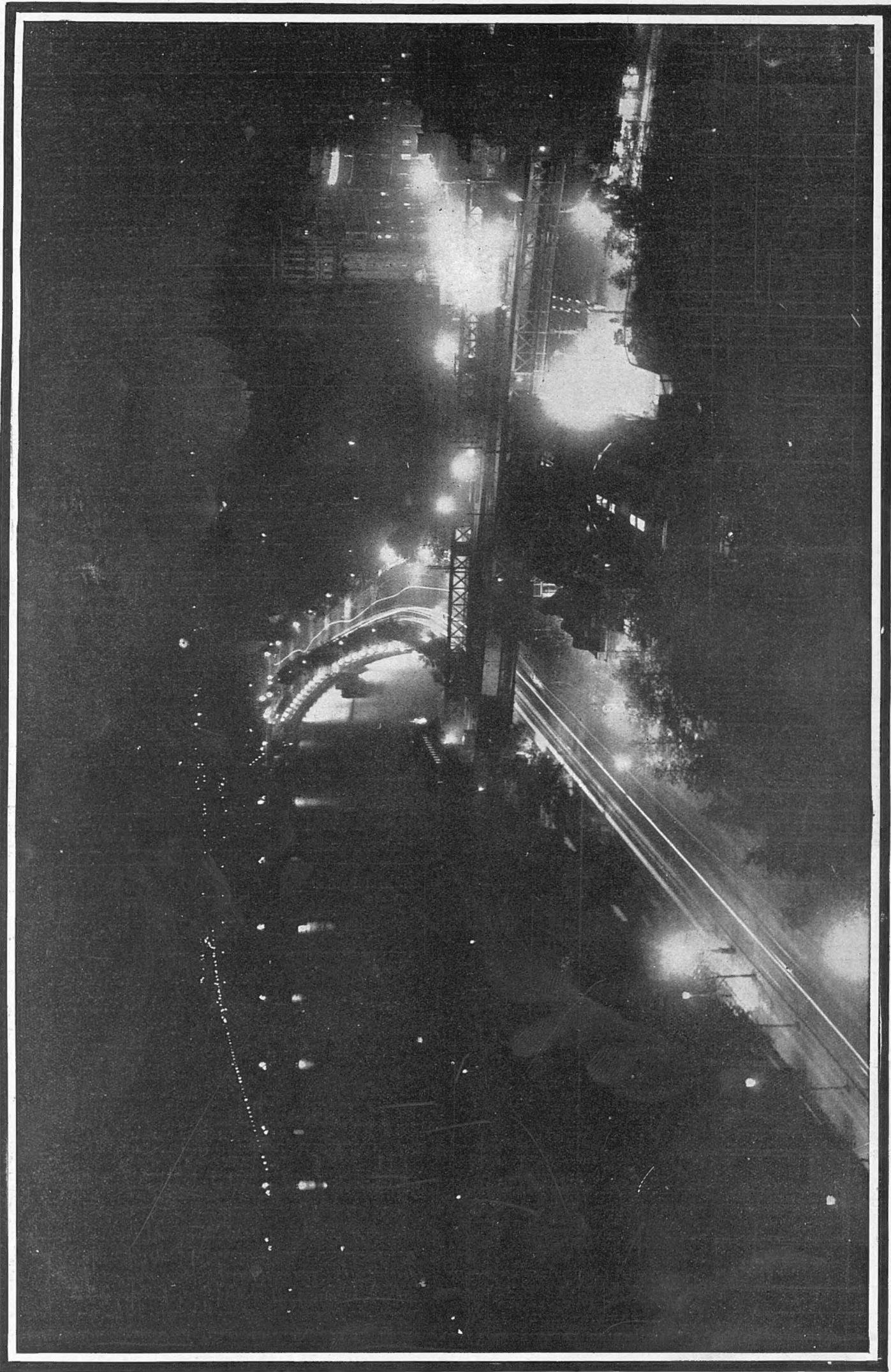
The Knickerbocker Trust Company suspended payment after what was practically an all-day run, and after having paid out over the counter its 8,000,000 dollars cash fund. The run occurred at each of its four New York branches. The scene outside the bank at the moment of its suspension is said to have been extraordinary, and the place was besieged by a crowd crying, "Give us back our dough." "Dough" corresponds to the English slang "brass."



WALL STREET DURING THE CRISIS, SHOWING IN THE FOREGROUND THE OFFICE OF MR. PIERPONT MORGAN, WHO CAME TO THE RESCUE OF THE BANKS AND THE DEPOSITORS.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan broke the money crisis, saved the stock-market situation, and prevented the failure of several firms by sending from his office to the floor of the Stock Exchange 25,000,000 dollars, with instructions to lend it to brokers at 10 per cent. At that particular moment call money was 100 per cent. Since then Mr. Morgan has devoted much time to the situation.—[Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.]

THE LURE! THE LIGHTS O' LONDON.



THE WHITE WAY: THE EMBANKMENT, LOOKING TOWARDS WESTMINSTER.

The long lines of light that mark the roadway of the Embankment in our photograph were caused by the lights of the moving electric trams. The plate was not sensitive enough to register the dark bodies of the trams themselves, but the lights, continually passing on the same level, were duly "caught" by the plate in the form of the long continuous lines shown.—[Photograph supplied by Holak.]

A FOUR - YEAR - OLD ADMIRAL.



THE MARQUESS AND EARL OF DONEGALL, HEREDITARY LORD HIGH ADMIRAL OF LOUGH NEAGH.

Lord Donegall, who celebrated his fourth birthday last month, is Hereditary Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh and Governor of Carrickfergus Castle. The little Marquess, who is the only child of the venerable late Marquess by his charming Canadian wife, née Miss Violet Twining, is really in a unique position, for there is no other lake in the United Kingdom that has an admiral of its own. It is quite a sizable sheet of water, too, having an area of over 150 square miles.

A base proposal was lately made to drain it; but there is reason to believe that Lady Donegall concealed this from the little Admiral!

Photograph by Franklin and Son.

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OUR SUPPLEMENT: THE OLYMPIA AUTOMOBILE EXHIBITION.

IN this week's issue of *The Sketch* we give a prospective précis of
the salient features of the principal exhibits which will be
found beneath the roof of Olympia on and after the 11th inst.
Although the exhibitors will be found more numerous than in past
years, the areas upon which they have to make display will be con-
siderably constricted by reason of the growth of the industry on every
hand. In producing this Supplement before the Show at West
Kensington open its doors, we are able to direct the attention of our
readers to what will be found to be the most important and the most
attractive features of the Exhibition. The visitor to Olympia must
not on this occasion hope to find signs of great departures or
revolutionary inventions. What are to be sought are improvements
in detail and finish, increased accessibility and simplification of
parts, greater durability, and more value for money. All these
points, and more, will assuredly be found in the various exhibits
with which we deal hereafter in more or less detail.

THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,

NOVEMBER 9.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY,

ANIMALS IN ART,

AND THE

WORLD'S NEWS OF THE WEEK

*Illustrated in the Most Interesting
Manner.*

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Spanish Prisoner. Mrs. P. Champion de
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The Stars Beyond. Rosamond Langbridge.
6s.
Foxhunting Recollections. Sir Reginald
Graham, Bart. 10s. net.
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E GRANT RICHARDS.
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3s. 6d.

CHAPMAN AND HALL.

The Elixir of Life. William Satchell. 6s.
The Heart's Banishment. Ella Macmahon.
6s.

SEELEY.

Passages from Benjamin Disraeli. G.
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METHUEN.

A Book of Noble Women. E. M. Wilmot
Buxton. 3s. 6d.
My Memoirs. Alexandre Dumas. Vol. 2. 6s.
The Power of Concentration. Eustace
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Quentin Durward. Sir W. Scott. 2s.
The Story of the Weathercock. Evelyn
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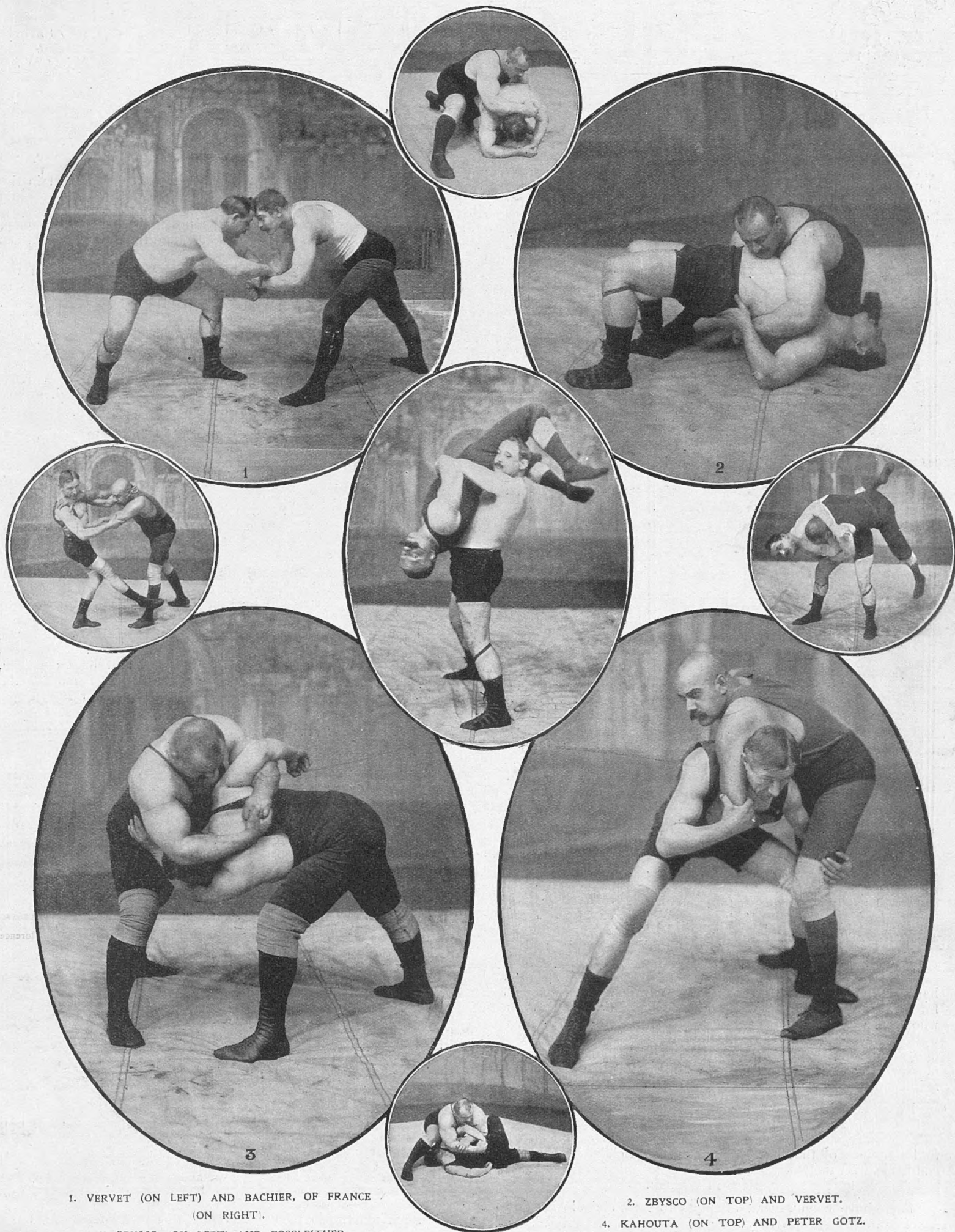
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WHO WILL TAKE THE MAT WITH HACKENSCHMIDT?

FAMOUS WRESTLERS NOW IN THIS COUNTRY.



1. VERVET (ON LEFT) AND BACHIER, OF FRANCE (ON RIGHT).

3. ZBYSKO (ON LEFT) AND FOSSLEITNER.

2. ZBYSKO (ON TOP) AND VERVET.

4. KAHOUTA (ON TOP) AND PETER GOTZ.

It would seem that we are to have a revival of the wrestling craze of which so much was said last year and the year before. A number of lively contests are being witnessed at the London Pavilion, and those concerned are endeavouring to make arrangements by which the best man in these bouts shall meet Hackenschmidt. The finals are expected to take place somewhere in the second week of this month, possibly at Covent Garden. It is expected that the finalists will be Zbysco, Rogers, and Padoubny, and it is hoped that the winner of the matches between these men will meet Hackenschmidt. It was Vervet who beat T. McInerney last week.

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.



THE IMPERIAL COLONIAL CLUB—AMERICAN CLUB HOSPITALITY—INHOSPITABLE BRITISH CLUBS.

THE Imperial Colonial Club—the club that is really going to supply a long-felt want, to use a much-abused term—is to have its home in 80 and 81, Piccadilly, one of which houses, at the corner of Stratton Street, every Londoner has known as the home of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Mr. Burdett-Coutts has leased the houses to the organisers of the club.

The Colonial Club—for the Imperial prefix makes the name too long for ordinary use—is to be a *piéd à terre* for the best of the Colonials and other English-speaking people who come to England, and with its appearance one of the glaring inhospitalities of London will cease to be as much in evidence as it is now.

When an Englishman with good introductions goes to New York, or to any Colonial capital, he finds himself made a temporary honorary member of all the best clubs in the city. I have a scrap-book in which I paste cards and menus, and any little documents which recall pleasant times, and in this book, opposite to a page where the coats-of-arms cut from invitation-cards of Indian Maharajahs make a brave show of gold and colours, are the cards of membership of the Knickerbocker and the Yacht Club and the Riding Club and

half-a-dozen other New York clubs of which I was made free for a fortnight the first time I visited New York. When the man who had thus made me a guest of all the clubs of which he was a member came to England, the only one of the London clubs of which I am a member where I could give him an opportunity of paying for his own meals was a little Bohemian club which is neither in Piccadilly nor Pall Mall.

I have not the least doubt that if the Colonial Club is a success, as from the names of its organisers I feel sure that it will be, similar clubs of an equally high standing will crop up in Clubland. I am told that one of the best of the New York clubs is to exchange courtesies with the Colonial Club, and the members of one American club will no longer be club-less in London.

There have been several attempts to form clubs in London for American clubmen, but they have not been very long-lived. Most of them have come to grief on the rock of too high stakes at cards. Many of the best-known of the Americans like—at Newport or at Saratoga—to reproduce as nearly as possible the conditions of Monte Carlo or Trouville, and till last year a well-known man could always, in an American watering-place, play almost any game, from euchre downwards, for any stakes. The American coming to

London looked for the same excitement, and if he was a member of a club, and the rules did not expressly forbid him to do so, he would play poker in the card-room for the highest stakes at which he could find opponents.

A strong committee prevents the possibility of too high play, whether at bridge or at any other game, and the crusade which has been for some time in progress in America against the gaming-houses at the various summer "resorts" may possibly dull the American keenness to gamble for high stakes. It is curious to note how in British clubs the stakes at bridge are coming down, and that the tables where the low stakes rule are the ones at which the majority of the players wish to sit. Almack's, which takes the lead of the "cock-and-hen" clubs devoted to bridge, has sent round a notice to its members informing them that, in response to a generally expressed wish, one room has been set apart for play at very low stakes. As Almack's has never allowed very high stakes, this shows the tendency of the moment.

Looking back over clubs which have now disappeared, which did extend hospitality to our Colonial brothers, the club which occupied the old Hanover concert-rooms—the St. George's, I think it was called—comes first to my mind. It was a proprietary club, and gave its members a very free hand in offering honorary membership to their friends from across the sea. The number of strange faces that passed the hall porter must have been confusing to him. Being one evening near Hanover Square, many years ago, with a reckless young soldier, I was asked by him if I would come into the club in the square and have a "night-cap." I asked him if he was a member, and he said that he was not, but that if he said to the hall-porter as he went past, "Colonial Honorary Member," it would be all right, and that I must follow him as his guest. I dissuaded him from trying the experiment on that night. The club at the corner of Waterloo Place, where an Indian banking agency has now built a palace, was also hospitable to Colonials. I fancy that its name was the Junior Travellers, but everybody called it the Home for Lost Dogs.



DANCER BEFORE THE TSAR: Mlle. NAPIERKOWSKA.

Mlle. Napierkowska has taken Russia's operatic world by storm, and the critics of St. Petersburg unite in declaring that the world has never before seen such a dancer. According to the "Listok" she was personally complimented on her dancing the other day by the Tsar, who commanded a special performance. It is her boast that she belongs to a famous Scottish family of title.



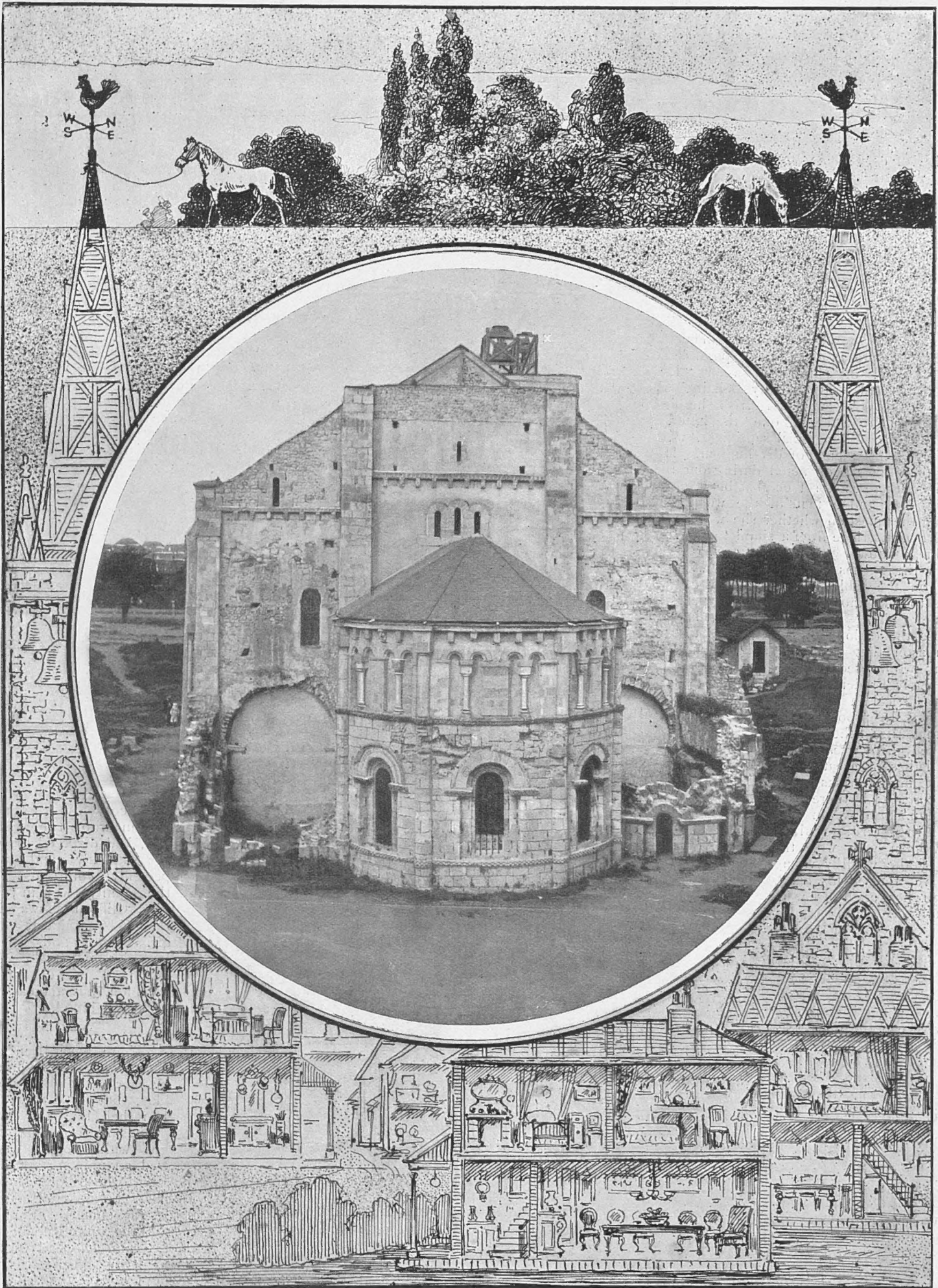
M. Lecomte.

MUCH MENTIONED DURING THE MOLTKE-HARDEN LIBEL CASE:
M. LECOMTE, COUNCILLOR OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY IN BERLIN.

M. Lecomte's name was mentioned freely during the famous Moltke-Harden libel case, and the fact has not escaped the notice of the French Press. M. Lecomte himself has expressed in "Le Matin" his indignation at the charges suggested against him in Court and has made out an excellent case for himself. It is said that it is likely that the French Government will promote him as a mark of their esteem. He is here shown with Princess and Prince von Buelow.

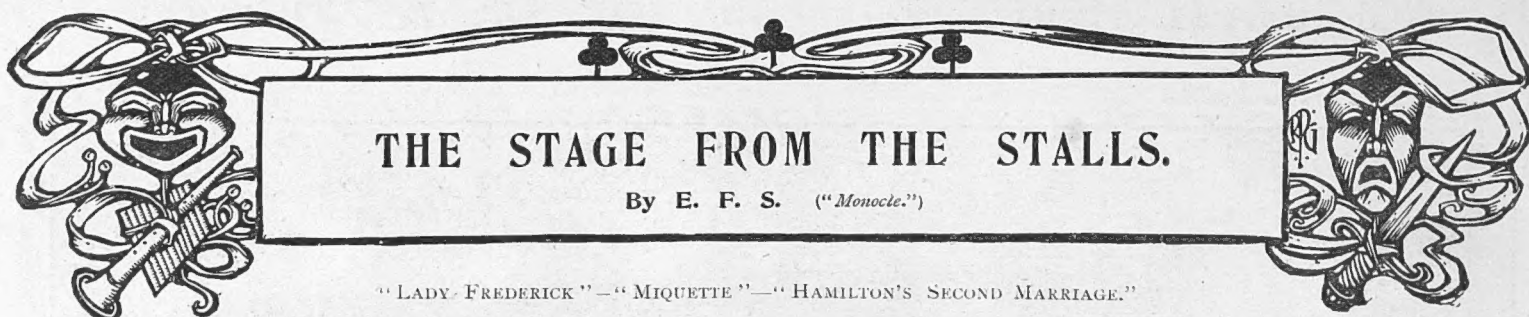
HORSES TETHERED TO THE TOP OF A CHURCH:

MUNCHAUSEN OUT - MUNCHAUSENED IN ACTUAL LIFE.



THE CHURCH OF SOULAC, WHICH WAS BURIED BENEATH THE SAND FOR A CENTURY, SHOWING THE IRON ERECTION ON THE BELFRY TO WHICH BEASTS WERE TIED (X).

As we have noted, the church was buried beneath the sand for a century. All that appeared above the surface of the ground was the iron erection seen on the top of the building. To this the peasants of the district were accustomed to tether their beasts, in blissful ignorance that the posts so conveniently placed for them were part of a church beneath their feet. The fact brings vividly to mind the fiction of Baron Munchausen. It will be remembered that that worthy entered a village so deep in snow that he was able to tie his horse to the church steeple. When he awoke he was on the hard ground; his horse hung a hundred feet high in the air.



"LADY FREDERICK"—"MIQUETTE"—"HAMILTON'S SECOND MARRIAGE."

ALL of us, I fancy, expected that Mr. Maugham's play would present a gloomy, interesting picture of modern life, so there was some bewilderment when it appeared that "Lady Frederick" was nothing of the kind, and we found ourselves laughing at dialogue, clever and amusing, but not suggesting at all the speech of real human beings. There may have been severe persons to whom surprise meant disappointment, disappointment disenchantment, and disenchantment displeasure. To me the matter was one of change in pleasure, since I can enjoy every kind of drama when well written and presented. It is possible to draw a kind of parallel between "Lady Frederick" and "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," the other current play with an Irish heroine: whilst both are artificial, one, the latter, is a mere piece of superficial sentiment, whilst the former has plenty of dry humour. How many plays have been acted during our time in which there is a set combat between the leading lady and a man of the world concerning the question whether she will extract an offer of marriage from a simpleton or not? Goodness knows. Scores, I fancy. Almost always the parties talk of playing with the cards on the table, and pay pretty compliments to one another. All this appears in the new play. Yet we laughed, laughed because the dialogue was witty, and also for the reason that the author had made his clever people seem clever people. Moreover, Lady Frederick herself, if her conduct was theatrical in many respects, was a real woman. In proof is the fact that Miss Ethel Irving rendered her irresistible; even ladies of great talent cannot make bricks without clay, and there was real human clay in the charming, irresponsible Irishwoman who won the love of the wealthy young lord, yet refused his hand, though her creditors were in full cry, and kindly, at a vast cost in vanity, killed his love by showing to him herself at the toilette-table undergoing the process of art necessary to enable her to pass for thirty-two in the dusk with the light behind her. The acting of Miss Ethel Irving in the part is one of the events of the theatrical year; for her work is marvellously clever and sincere and highly individual.

The other principal part, that of Mr. Paradine Fouldes, the middle-aged man who has squandered two fortunes and is using a third judiciously, is written ingeniously, in that the vein of sentiment underlying cynical, witty speeches and a wearied manner is nicely indicated. Mr. C. M. Lowne played it admirably, so that the single combats between him and Lady Frederick were very amusing.

"Miquette," at the Duke of York's, is one more instance of the difficulty of taking what is essentially French, and trying

to pretend that it is English. Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox has chosen a little story, partly farce and partly comedy, and possibly charming and witty in the original, and has transferred the characters to an English village, with the result that most of the charm and wit have evaporated, and the only really funny thing left is Mr. Robb Harwood as a provincial touring manager of the old school, whose humour is largely due to the actor's own individuality. Miquette is an innocent little country girl, who is pursued by an elderly roué, and ultimately shames him into a generous self-renunciation. The farcical part of it, in English, is not very brilliant, and the comedy not very lifelike; but Mr. Dion Boucicault does his best with it, and Miss Pauline Chase plays prettily, but in a rather musical-comedy way. Miss Rosina Filippi's talents are somewhat wasted on the part of Miquette's mother, and Mr. Kenneth Douglas is fairly successful as a young lover.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford has before now proved herself to be a dramatist with ideas, and "Hamilton's Second Marriage," like "The Likeness of the Night," is, in spite of certain faults, quite an interesting, and in the latter half a dramatically effective, play. The faults are the faults of the novelist, and they lie chiefly in a certain calculated wordiness of dialogue and an inability to sketch character with the conciseness and the certainty of touch required by the stage. Consequently the preliminary matter of the first two acts before the idea materialises is not remarkable either for its substance or its technique. The third act is better. Here a girl, after consenting to marry a man who, twelve years ago, had divorced his wife, is suddenly and unexpectedly confronted with the guilty woman; and Mrs. Clifford shows finely the effect produced on the girl's mind and on her love by the feeling that her rival is not an abstraction, but a creature of flesh and blood.

There have been complaints about Mrs. Clifford's manner of winding up the play, but I confess that I rather like the gentle cynicism which made the girl within eight months wed an unimportant young man, whose love she had never before realised; and it was effective enough to find the guilty wife begging the man she had wronged not to think too hardly

of her, and then led on to explain her conduct and her undying love with such eloquence that his own love for her rose again, and he called on her to come back. The eloquence was at times a little extravagant, but it was a good scene, and very ably played by Miss Frances Dillon; and Miss Alexandra Carlisle acted the young heroine with real charm and feeling.



A LITTLE FREGOLI IN PETTICOATS: FREGOLINA, WHO IS 'APPEARING AT THE EMPIRE. Fregolina saw the famous quick-change artist Fregoli when he was in London, and set herself to emulate him. She is a native of Tuscany, and her quick-change performance has crowded theatres in Florence and Genoa. We illustrate three of her many changes of costume.—[Photographs by Messy.]

A ROYAL NURSERY ON A BRITISH BATTLE-SHIP.



THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN AND THEIR INFANT SON AND HEIR IN THE NURSERY
SPECIALLY FITTED ON H.M.S. "RENOWN."

The King and Queen of Spain and the baby Prince of Asturias journeyed from Cherbourg to Portsmouth on the battle-ship "Renown," on which a nursery was fitted up for the royal infant. Our illustration does not pretend to be more than a composite picture—that is to say, we have placed the King and Queen and their son in an illustration of the nursery on the battle-ship. It may be taken, however, that the nursery was exactly as here depicted.

Setting by "The Sketch" from a photograph of the Nursery on the "Renown" by Russell; the photograph of the Royal Group by Resines.

SMALL TALK



MR. BENJAMIN WRIGHTSON HEAD, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS GLADYS HAMILTON MARRIOTT ON THE 12TH.

Photograph by Thomson.

wife of Colonel Meeking; the other, Mrs. Wilfrid Marshall, who is engaged to Major Bridges, of the Royal Artillery.

"Lord Birmingham." The death of Lord Gormanston, and the succession to the title of his son, Mr. Jenico Preston, recalls the fact that the barony of Birmingham is one of the titles of this ancient family, and in the old days it used to be a jibe against Mr. Chamberlain that the name of the town of which he is the foremost citizen had been already "bagged" as a peerage title. Lady Gormanston is very fond of hunting, and she and her sisters, who were known as the pretty Miss Connellans, were regular followers of the Kilkenny Hunt. Tall and graceful, with a wide experience of Society in many countries, Lady Gormanston looks absurdly young to be not only the mother of stalwart sons, but actually a grandmother, her only daughter, who is married to Lord Ninian Stuart, Lord Bute's brother, having had a son last April. Gormanston Castle, the family seat in County Dublin, is a great pile flanked by slender, round towers, and dating from the time of the third Edward. There is an old and interesting belief in the district that whenever a misfortune is about to befall the family a band of foxes make their appearance and prowling round the Castle.

The New Lord Mayor. Sir John Bell is a man after the City's own heart.

For exactly a quarter of a century he has been closely concerned with civic affairs, and it is said that he was the best chairman of the various committees concerning municipal matters that the City has enjoyed for a very long time. The new Lord Mayor is a very keen Freemason, and combined with his many other duties will have the pleasant one of guiding the destinies of the Guildhall Lodge, which is in every sense a very close corporation, for it is confined to Corporators and officers of the Corporation!

A Royal Pilgrim. Outside our own royal family, no royalty of Europe could have aroused such sincere sympathy as has the Emperor of Austria in his illness. Mr. Gladstone once said severe things of his rule, but

QUITE a number of important military engagements have just been announced: of these, one of the most interesting is that of Mr. Denis Kelly, of the 11th Hussars, to Miss Beauchamp, who is a daughter of Sir Reginald Beauchamp, and a granddaughter of the late Lord Roden. Two charming widows are also about to marry officers—the one being Sybille, Comtesse de Coligny, who will shortly become the



MISS BEAUCHAMP, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO MR. DENIS KELLY, OF THE 11TH HUSSARS, IS ANNOUNCED.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

the Englishman thinks of the Emperor as the man, the saddest man in all this world, and the most patient in his sorrows. Everything in his life has been productive of unhappiness to him. His beautiful Empress was mad, mildly, but unquestionably mad, and made his life an agony. It was a terrible humiliation to him that his Empress, consort

of the descendant of the Cæsars, should fit up a private circus and skip over banners and through

paper hoops from a bare-backed horse or from the broad saddle of the circus-rider. He refused to know of it—declined to take cognisance, official or private, of the practice which grieved him. He left his Empress to her circus, and went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, like some ardent Crusader of old time, and prayed before the Sepulchre for the soul of his wife, who was skipping the hoop in a private arena in Vienna.

A Pretty New Peeress.

The death of the first Lord Nunburnholme will mean the accession of a very pretty and clever Peeress to the ranks of Liberal hostesses—indeed, at the time of the marriage of the new Peer to Lady Marjorie Carrington the young couple loudly declared themselves to be Radicals of the purest dye. The new Lady Nunburnholme has

been intimately known to their Majesties from her birth, for she is a grand-daughter of Lord Suffield, and many of her relations on her mother's side hold posts about the Court. Bye-elections are always chancy and exciting contests, and that which will shortly take place at Hull is not likely to be an exception to the rule.

"Living" Statuary.

The latest idea is to unveil your own monument.

That has just happened to Camille Saint-Saëns, the well-known French composer of "Samson et Dalila." The composer went down to Dieppe the other day and tugged at a string, and exhibited to view a beautiful statue of himself, which has been erected by a woman admirer. Unfortunately, he does not appear to have said much: a speech on himself would have been very interesting. It might also have been disconcerting, for we are never so great as our greatest admirers would have us, or as low as our biggest enemies would make us. Saint-Saëns is not, however, the only Frenchman who has had the pleasure of looking upon his features in stone during his lifetime. Buffon, the celebrated historian, gravely doffed his hat each morning to his own petrified image on his way to the Academy.

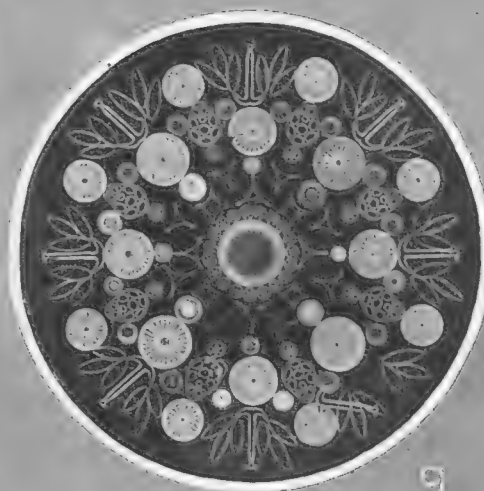
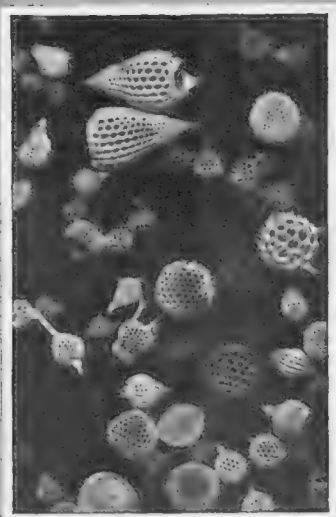
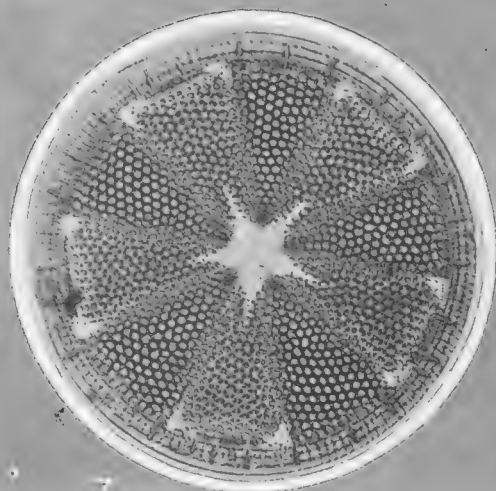
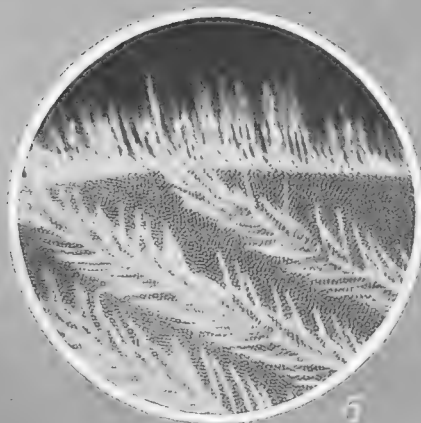
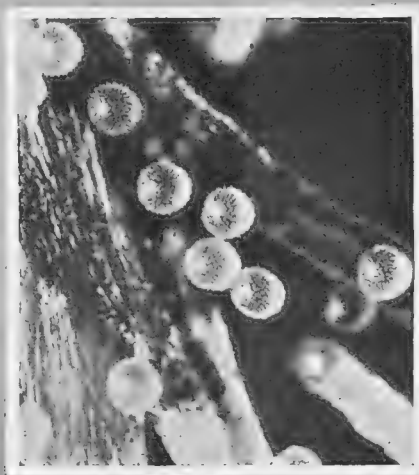
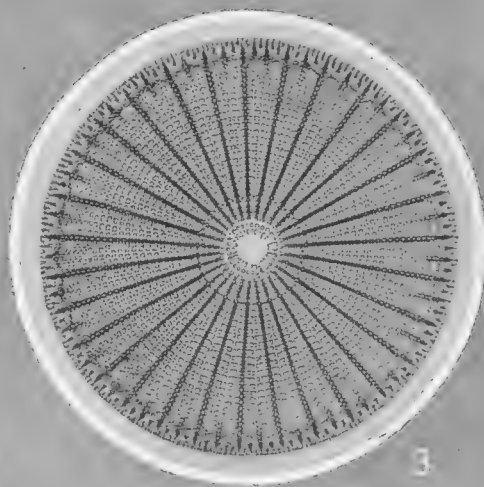


DICK WHITTINGTON'S YOUNGEST SUCCESSOR: SIR JOHN BELL, THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, WHO BEGINS HIS YEAR OF OFFICE ON THE 9TH.

Photograph by Weston.

SETTINGS BY NATURE: UNDESIGNED DESIGNS.

MARVELS REVEALED BY THE MICROSCOPE.



1. A CRYSTAL OF SAL AMMONIAC.

2. EGGS OF PARASITE ON A PHEASANT'S FEATHER.

3. A DIATOM.

4. INSECTS' EGGS.

5. POLLEN OF MALLOWS.

6. THE WING OF A GNAT.

7. A DIATOM.

8. POLYCYSTINA.

9. DIATOMS.

Nature's marvellous power as a designer has been remarked upon times without number, but never, perhaps, better illustrated than by the micro-photographs here given. The fantastically beautiful patterns made by frost are familiar to all; the patterns hidden in living creatures are less known.—[Photographs by Walter Bagshaw.]



A FAVOURITE IN ROMAN CATHOLIC SOCIETY: LADY GWENDELINE BERTIE.

Photograph by Langlier.

next Saturday—that is, on the anniversary of what was, as a matter of fact, his natal day. Their Majesties, surrounded by their children and grandchildren, will celebrate the Ninth of November where and how they have almost invariably celebrated it each year since their marriage—that is, at Sandringham. But, for the first time on record, their Majesties' hospitable Norfolk home will see three Kings and three Queens sojourning under its roof at one and the same time. Some of the most charming passages in the first volume of Queen Victoria's Letters refer to the birth and infancy of the then Heir Apparent: before he was many days old his young mother was forming the most fervent wishes for his future—wishes which have now been fulfilled a thousandfold.

Lady Gwendeline Bertie. One of the most agreeable and accomplished girls in Roman Catholic society is Lady Gwendeline Bertie; like her mother, who is Lord Dormer's eldest sister, she spells her name with an "e" rather than the more usual "o" in the middle syllable. Lord Abingdon has been twice married, his daughters by his first marriage being Lady Edmund Talbot and Lady Alice Reyntiens. Lady Gwendeline shares her parents' great love of country life, and of their beautiful historic home, Wytham Abbey, near Oxford.

A Maid-of-Honour's Engagement.

Court to win the particular regard of her gracious mistress, Queen Alexandra. The elder daughter of the Hon. Lewis Payn Dawnay, who was for some years a popular county member in the House of Commons, and is a younger brother of Lord Downe, Miss Margaret was, even before her appointment as Maid-of-Honour, closely linked with the Court through her mother, Lady Victoria Dawnay, who was a god-daughter of Queen Victoria and a daughter of that old and intimate friend and servant of her late Majesty and the Prince Consort, General the Hon. Charles Grey. The bride is thus the niece of Lord

IN spite of the fact that the King rejoices in the possession of two birthdays—one, as it were, for private, and one for public celebrations—the Empire at large insists on giving him the best of good wishes

Grey, the Countess of Antrim, and the Countess of Minto. Her fiancé, the Rev. Arthur Rowland Grant, is the second son of

the Rev. Charles Grant, Vicar of St. Benignus, or St. Benedict, Glastonbury, an historic spot in the

history of English Christianity, and just now particularly interesting owing to the recent purchase of Glastonbury Abbey by the Bishop of Bath and Wells.

Coming-of-Age Festivities.

The coming-of-age festivities of Lord Cochrane have occasioned great interest in gallant little Wales, for through his mother, Lord Dundonald's son and heir is descended from a family whose history is coeval with that of the Principality. Gwrych, the splendid place which has been *en fête*, was built by the grandfather of Lady Dundonald on the site of a much older mansion destroyed by fire. The famous soldier and his brilliant, clever wife, are very generous in allowing their lovely Welsh home to be seen, and many horticulturists make a point of visiting the beautiful grounds of the imposing-looking stronghold. Lord Cochrane has followed in his father's footsteps and made the Army his profession; his courtesy-title is famous in our island story, the most noted bearer of the name having been his great-grandfather.

Rival Bridal Trousseaux.

With the possible exception of that Russian Grand Duchess, the only daughter of a Tsar, who became Duchess of Edinburgh, no royal bride has ever been given so sumptuous a trousseau by a fond father as has Princess Marie Bonaparte, the fiancée of Prince George of Greece. The sum mentioned is sixty thousand pounds (fifteen hundred thousand francs), and of this fortune spent on clothes exactly a quarter is being devoted to underlinen! The great American heiress, Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, is also indulging in what promises to be, even in the land of dollars, a unique bridal outfit; but the American Press, already sated with such nuptial glories, are far more interested in the bridegroom's outfit, which consists, it seems, of fifty trunks full of everything required for the most up-to-date dandy! Perhaps it should be added that the Count brought this remarkable wardrobe with him from Hungary, and his coming has been a godsend to the Newport dudes, much as was, in a former day, the faultless dressing of Count Boni de Castellane.

THE COMING-OF-AGE OF LORD AND LADY DUNDONALD'S ELDER SON, LORD COCHRANE.



A MAID-OF-HONOUR MARRYING A CLERGYMAN: THE HON. MARGARET DAWNAY, WHO IS ENGAGED TO THE REV. ARTHUR ROWLAND GRANT.

Photograph by Lafayette.



THE COMING-OF-AGE OF LORD COCHRANE, ELDER SON OF LORD AND LADY DUNDONALD: GWRYCH CASTLE, THE SCENE OF THE FESTIVITIES.

The castle is at Abergele. Its name means The Hedge, and tradition has it that it was at Gwrych that the first hedge in the country was planted. In addressing the assembled tenants, the Countess of Dundonald made mention of the cordial relations which had existed between the people of the district and the House of Gwrych for four generations, and said, further, that that House had existed in Wales from time immemorial.

PRESENCE OF MIND!



VIII.—ASTONISHING RESCUE OF A BIRD'S-NESTER IN A GORGE OF THE SIERRA NEVADA.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

After Many Days.

When the third Duma meets, there will be included in the elected men sent to serve the Tsar some whose relatives are among the wanderers on the face of the earth. One of these exiles is a noble resident in England. He has had a curious adventure. He had been nearly twenty years absent from his home, and in that time had not dared to meet any of his family, lest he should incriminate them. Then he and his youngest brother decided to meet. The exile looked up an antique Continental Bradshaw, and appointed a meeting at a certain hotel in Brussels. Calling a fiacre, he bade the man drive to this hotel. "It is demolished," said the man. "Then drive me to the nearest hotel," he was bidden; and to the Hotel Windsor they went. But where was the brother? He would be looking, of course, for the same hotel; and though the two were in the same city, they were as far as ever from each other.

A Meeting and a Barrier.

The exile wired to England, giving his new address, then sought the police and others who might be likely to help him. It was without avail. He spent the day without a trace of his brother, and returned to his hotel at night heavy of heart and weary. The first man he met in the hall was his brother. The latter had had an exactly similar experience to his own; had been driven to the same hotel, had wired from the same post-office to the same address in England as the other. They instantly recognised each other from portraits. But not a word could they intelligibly exchange. The senior had forgotten how to speak, though he could still write, his native tongue; the younger had little else. His German was only less shaky than his French, and he had no English. The two were reduced to signs and writing. Not until the end of their holiday was neared did the two manage to converse with any freedom.

Fine Sport.

Mr. Morley's picture of what would happen in India were British rule withdrawn does not exaggerate probabilities. There would be many old scores to wipe out were the white man not on the spot to interfere. There is in the native something of that spirit which prompted a

Roman Catholic Tommy Atkins to write home from the Boer War expatiating on the delirious enjoyment of lying all day sniping Protestants! It is good fun for a native to kill one of his fellows. One of them, finding that another had a much-prized rifle, filled up the barrel with clay, and laughed till he cried in telling how the gun burst and killed its owner. Another was asked what had prompted him to murder a harmless villager who had acted as his guide. The felon explained that he had had no special reason; that the man had walked on ahead carrying a bundle, and the thought had come to the criminal what a beautiful expanse for a sword-cut the other fellow's neck offered. "Well?" said the questioner. "Well," answered the other, "he fell, that's all!"

Nothing, Merely Nothing.

The Oriental mind is an inexplicable puzzle to most Westerners, and its possessor is not desirous that the mask should be penetrated. Once a notable son of the East did come out of cover, so to speak, and reveal himself without reserve. It was Shere Ali, Amir of Afghanistan, in the days when Great Britain meant much to him. He was visiting Lord Mayo in India, with Sir Richard Pollock to do the honours. All that was most wonderful in the way of mechanical contrivance was shown him, and he marvelled without saying a word or betraying the faintest evidence of interest. At last, while a machine was cutting up iron—like the Afghans cut sugar-cane, as someone said—he broke silence.

"Not so," he said, "we cut sugar-cane with difficulty; this machine cuts iron with ease." His staff fell to laughing and jesting, but Shere Ali checked them. "I am inclined rather to weep than to laugh," he solemnly said. "God has given me much.

I am a king, I have an army and a revenue, but He has denied me wisdom." He turned, smiling, to Sir Richard, saying: "You will never again see me like this. Of everything you show me I shall say 'It is nothing—nothing.' And he continued with his "nothings" to the end of the piece. It was because he insisted on saying nothing to a British Mission which was to have waited upon him in his capital that he lost his throne, and fled to die in exile.



MME. CHRYSANTHÈME'S UMBRELLA: RYE-STRAW PROTECTORS TO SAVE CHRYSANTHEMUMS FROM THE EFFECT OF FROST, HEAVY RAIN, AND THEIR KINDRED.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



CHRYSANTHEMUMS UNDER STRAW UMBRELLAS: PROTECTED BLOOMS NEAR BAYONNE.

The method of protecting choice chrysanthemum blooms by means of rye-straw "umbrellas" is known as the Chantrier system. Our photographs show it in use on the estate of M. Emmanuel Bocher, near Bayonne.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

A MANX TALE.



PERCIVAL HENRY: Oh, Mummy, here's a pussy-cat with no stalk.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

REALLY, people who have shelf-room for three bulky volumes of Queen Victoria's Letters need not grudge the price of three guineas charged by Mr. Murray, whatever indignant correspondents of the willing *Times* may assert. If it be true to say of such Letters that they are a national possession, and a memorial of the Queen which the man in the street desires to cherish, why not go a step further and let the Government print them and supply them at cost price? The idea is preposterous, but it may very likely have been put into people's heads by the rather too ambitious wording of the publisher's advertisements. If you talk about patriotism and make the purchase of a book almost the test of a man's loyalty, you must temper the price accordingly. It is a case in which business and sentiment do not consort, and Albemarle Street was ill-advised not to observe rigorously the distinction. And the business was in itself sufficiently romantic. For it is not every day you bring out a book calculated to yield you a profit of £20,000.

A little book entitled "Words of William" links together thirty-nine notable sayings of the Kaiser Wilhelm. They make a delightful study of strenuous temperament—and they make history. For here is a man whom nobody foresaw. The French Revolution was thought to have said the last word to the divine right of kings; and here comes a German who not only preaches the doctrine, but practises it. He disclaims the idea of a limited monarchy. Twenty years has he kept the peace—he of whom all the prognostications were militant. They said war, and there was no war. All the same, if war it is to be, he declares that he will lead his troops into the fray. Other items of these thirty-nine articles in his faith in Heaven and in himself are equally salient of the Strenuous Life.

Herbert Spencer's autobiography is not to stand in the way of a "Life." This has been written by his friend, Dr. Duncan, who has had a good deal of Spencer material at his disposal. Some of the letters of George Eliot are put under contribution—the easily identified lady of the autobiography whom Spencer might have married had she been—prettier! Huxley and Tyndall will also be in evidence, and if Spencer's candid opinion of them is printed in all particulars the gaiety of nations may be enlarged. Gladstone and Bright are among the politicians introduced, and here, too, is room for spicy material. Herbert Spencer was delighted when Bright declared that the English people, if only they knew what sort of men Cabinet Ministers are, would rise and hang them. And Bright was not in favour of capital punishment!

A paper on "The Home Life of Thomas Henry Huxley" has been put into print by his son-in-law, the Hon. John Collier. It is in itself a certain tribute to a man's domestic merits that his son-in-law has an article in celebration of them. Chelsea seems to favour the situation, for Mr. Collier hails from Chelsea; and Roper,

who married Miss Meg Mofe in Chelsea, the daughter of Sir Thomas, is the patron and exemplar of all biographers of fathers-in-law.

The two hundred volumes annotated by Leslie Stephen are a greater addition to St. James's Square than even the brand-new yellow face just given to Norfolk House. The London Library will have to extend its borders if such gifts become common. The annotator has his distinct place in the world. He may not be able to write a book, but he has valuable lore to jot down in a margin for the information of others. Rossetti had an excellent talent for this sort of shorthand comment, not unseasoned by swear-words of a singular amiability and innocence. It is a thousand pities

that some rich man in Chelsea, like Sir Charles Dilke, did not spend a thousand pounds in keeping together Rossetti's books and papers when they were put up at auction just after his death. Indeed, they would have been secured for a sum far short of a thousand, though nobody could buy them back at anything like that figure now.

The *Academy*, under Lord Alfred Douglas, has become a paper which people read. It is witty and it is original. It has a mind, and it speaks it. It likes not the New Theology, nor Dr. Clifford, nor Mr. Hall Caine. The freedom of expression beloved by Henley, and practised by him in the *National Observer*, reappears in this *Academy*, which is thus anything but Academic. There are some personal links, too, between the two papers; for Mr. George Wyndham, who wrote for Henley, will also contribute to the *Academy*, edited by his cousin, and owned by his brother-in-law.

George Meredith at eighty! The association seems unnatural; for men of genius, as Ruskin said (and Ruskin ought to have known), differ from other people by remaining children to the end of their lives.

They do not cease to be receptive, even at eighty, even though the body, in indifferent health, may lag behind the adventurous journeyings of the mind. Mr. Meredith can never be an old man—never older than Evan Harrington, or Harry Richmond, or Corinthia, or others of a company that is immortally young.

The publishing trade is poorer by—a letter! An "E." has disappeared from before the name of Grant Richards; and a lady the less in the business of books. Mr. Grant Richards is no longer the manager in Carlton Street—he is the master. The old arrangement was, no doubt, literally a merely nominal one, but that "E." had a kind of grace in it not unlike that with which the miners of Bret Harte invested the bonnet of a woman found in the neighbourhood of their camp.

It seems strange that no woman has made a success in publishing—or even tried to make one. The field is open to women, and is certain to be filled before long. The mystery of their abstention meanwhile is the more unintelligible inasmuch as the responsible post of "reader" is femininely held in half the publishers' offices in London.—M. E.



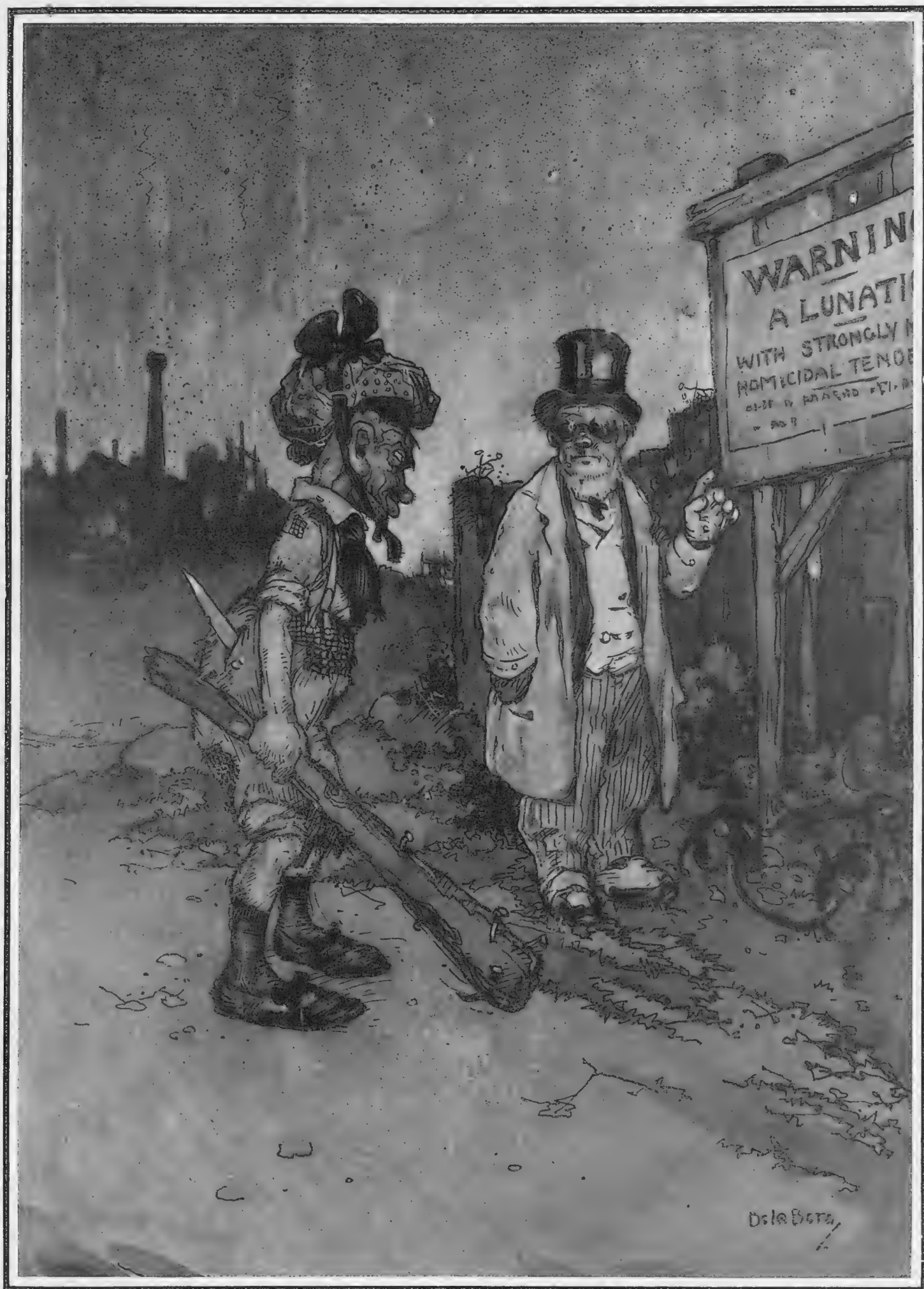
THE LITERAL TRUTH.

HE: Why are you so afraid of that man?
HE: Ah!

SHE: I fear he has designs on me.
SHE: Yes, he's our family tattooer!

[DRAWN BY NORMAN MORROW.]

THE ECCENTRIC CLUBMAN!



SHORT-SIGHTED INNOCENT (to the wandering eccentric): Can you tell me what this placard is about?

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE LEAST OF THE GODS. ❖ BY NELLIE K. BLISSETT.

"TALKING of love—" said Chester.

"I wasn't," Miss Van Duren cut in hastily.

"I'm aware of it," Chester sighed. "You weren't talking of it, but you were looking at the third ugliest statue to the right with an expression which would have suggested it to anyone who wasn't a stock or a stone. I'm not usually considered either myself," he added thoughtfully.

"What were you going to say about love?" Miss Van Duren asked in a mollified tone.

"The third ugliest statue to the right," said Chester, gazing dreamily at the white line of figures against the thick box-hedge, "is a statue of Cupid."

"It isn't so very ugly," said Miss Van Duren critically, "at a distance."

"That's the only way I've ever seen it," Chester asserted—"at least, until quite recently. I'm a younger son," he added in an explanatory tone.

"Do younger sons never fall in love, then?" Miss Van Duren inquired, with a delicate suggestion of surprise.

Chester sighed again.

"Not seriously. You see, it's too expensive," he informed her.

She tapped the marble of the balustrade with her fan, and studied the distant Cupid with faintly amused eyes.

"You must be dreadfully poor," she said at last.

"Oh—we're all on our last legs," Chester admitted, with gloomy triumph. "You mightn't think it to look at us, but we are. At present we're just managing to keep up appearances, but that's all."

The lilt of a waltz came softly from the windows of the great ball-room, and Miss Van Duren laughed.

"You're managing it very well—and no one would think it, to look at you," she told him.

"We frolic on the edge of destruction," said Chester darkly. "It's been a habit in our family ever since our famous ancestor, Jack Chester of Legh, danced a sword-dance on the scaffold."

"Poor dear," Miss Van Duren said pityingly, "what had he done?"

"Sheep-stealing," Chester replied with brevity.

There was a moment's silence. Miss Van Duren looked disappointed.

"Talking of love—" began Chester again.

"We weren't talking of love," Miss Van Duren said tartly. "We were discussing the financial situation of your family."

"It's the same thing," said Chester. "They're both mixed up. You can't marry on three farthings a year, paid quarterly."

"I never said I could," Miss Van Duren declared. "Were we talking of marrying?"

"As a younger son," Chester reminded her, "I'm not allowed to."

"It must be a great deprivation," Miss Van Duren said softly. "I'm sure you'd do it so nicely, too."

They both looked at the statue for a moment.

"Talking of—" Chester recommenced suddenly.

"Good gracious!" Miss Van Duren cried. "Can't you talk of something else?"

"Not when I'm with you," said Chester, with meaning.

Miss Van Duren assumed a pretty air of resignation.

"Then do go on, and get it over. Talking of love—"

"I was about to remark, when you interrupted me," Chester said severely, "that the ancients conceived of love as the least of the gods."

Miss Van Duren's eyebrows rose.

"Oh, but why?"

"You'd better look at the size of the statue," Chester told her.

She looked. Apparently the sight amused her.

"It's rather a nice size, I think," she declared.

"They must also have imagined him," said Chester, "as the poorest of the gods."

"Dear me! Why?" queried Miss Van Duren.

"Look at his clothes," said Chester grimly.

"I can't," protested Miss Van Duren—with truth. "But he has quite an expensive-looking bow and quiver," she added. "And besides—gods didn't go in much for clothes."

"Good reason why," said Chester. "You couldn't expect even a first-class god to feel like the real thing with a tailor's bill on his conscience, could you?"

"Oh—that's why you—" Miss Van Duren stopped, endeavouring to conceal an air of illumination. "Talking of—the least of the gods?" she reminded him.

"You will also observe," Chester pointed out, "that he is extremely young. Youth, in his case, is symbolical. Children of his age are ignorant and greedy and unscrupulous. They eat too much, they put their fingers in other people's jam-pots—"

He paused in momentary confusion. A gleam of mischief showed in Miss Van Duren's eyes.

"Poor little things—they're so young," she pleaded. "You wouldn't have them cultivate the senile virtues, at their age? . . . And you have behaved so beautifully, too."

Chester edged an inch nearer to her.

"For a younger son—I mean," she added unkindly.

Chester, with a sigh, renounced the advantage of the stolen inch. "You must remember that I'm never allowed to talk of marriage," he reminded her.

"No—only of love," said Miss Van Duren sweetly.

A moment later she shut her fan with a business-like air.

"There's one chance for you, and one only," she told him.

"You must marry money. You must find some uninteresting heiress with a red nose or a squint, someone with a drawback, who can't look too high. You must make yourself charming to her. I dare say," she commented with a fine carelessness, "that you could be charming if you tried a little."

"I've been told so before," said Chester.

"And she wouldn't be critical," Miss Van Duren encouraged him. "She wouldn't expect too much—naturally. I dare say she'd come to be rather fond of you in time—and you could repair the family fortunes with her money."

"Thank you," said Chester. "It's an admirable plan. Only my heiress—"

"What—you've found her already?" marvelled Miss Van Duren. Chester ignored the interruption.

"She hasn't a red nose—or a squint. And I'm afraid she looks most infernally high. Much higher," he added sadly, "than a poor devil of a younger son like me."

"Indeed?" said Miss Van Duren. Her tone was chilly.

"She has every right to," declared Chester. "She is quite the most beautiful person on earth at this moment, and she has a way of looking at statues that—"

He was silent. Miss Van Duren, with a suspiciously calm face, regarded the statue of Cupid. Something seemed to have gone wrong with it, for she suddenly frowned.

"As a younger son—" she began.

"I know," said Chester.

"You can't possibly know. As a younger son, it's clearly your duty to your family to set aside your own personal feelings—"

"That's what I said," put in Chester.

"And marry her," concluded Miss Van Duren remorselessly.

"But, in order to marry her," Chester pointed out, "I shall have to propose to her—you'll admit that, I suppose?"

"It's certainly usual," Miss Van Duren admitted, with the ghost of a smile.

"And, as a younger son," said Chester, "I shall run the risk of being considered a fortune-hunter."

"By whom?" said Miss Van Duren sharply.

"The—the heiress," Chester suggested.

"If she's the most beautiful person on earth, as you said just now," Miss Van Duren remarked, "it's barely possible that she might be induced to imagine that she isn't absolutely repulsive to you. In short, you might persuade her to believe that you were in love with her."

"I should have to do something more difficult than that," Chester returned. "I should have to persuade her to believe that she was in love with me."

Miss Van Duren slowly furled and unfurled her fan.

"I've heard it said," she ventured, "that a woman will believe anything she's told—when the right man tells it to her."

"You're a mine of wisdom and a fountain of truth," Chester told her with enthusiasm. "Perhaps you could let me know another thing."

"Anything I can, I'm sure," murmured Miss Van Duren politely.

"Perhaps you could give me the ghost of a hint as to—as to the right man?"

Miss Van Duren examined her fan with sudden interest.

"Oh, the right man—well, I've heard he's by way of being a very humble-minded person," she said. "He's afraid of being considered a fortune-hunter, and I have it on his own authority that he's a younger son, and—"

"Yes?" queried Chester breathlessly.

Miss Van Duren shut her fan and pointed, with a smile, to the statue of Cupid.

"If you're particularly anxious to identify him," she said, "I'll tell you one thing more against him. Talking of love—"

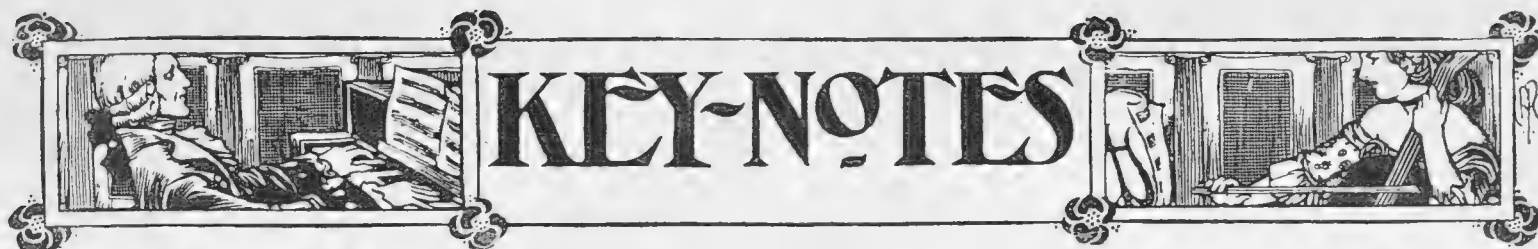
"As a younger son," cried Chester, "I'm not allowed—"

"Talking of love," concluded Miss Van Duren sternly, "he considers love—the least of the gods."

THE END.

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AT the Queen's Hall on Saturday week next Miss May Harrison is to play the long-concealed seventh violin concerto of Mozart. It has just been given for the first time in Germany, having been introduced to concert-goers in Berlin, Dresden, and Leipsic on Monday last, and Kreisler is to play it on his American tour. The history of this work is curious; the holograph manuscript was stolen from or lost by Habeneck in 1837. A copy had been made by Eugene Souzay, who passed it on

to his son Julian, who, in his turn, refused resolutely to allow any publisher to issue it. During the present year Professor Kopfermann has discovered another copy of the missing concerto, and it is now public property. The work was finished at Salzburg in 1777, and is written for small orchestra. It is stated that a discovery of fresh music by Beethoven has just been made, and in these days when libraries and collections of manuscripts are constantly examined by scholars, no fresh discovery need surprise us. Perhaps some of the missing compositions of Schubert will see the light. The late Sir George Grove, whose love for the Viennese composer was so very deep, often expressed to the writer his opinion that many of Schubert's manuscripts would be found in the course of time, although the extraordinary conditions of the composer's life and the privations to which he

authority. For January Mr. Edwin Evans has promised a paper on "Some Aspects of Modern French Music," and it is to be feared that he will not find a very well-informed company, because it is notorious that London knows very little about French music. Claude Debussy is beginning to reach us, though he is known by little in this country save his symphonic prelude to Mallarmé's "Après Midi d'un Faune." Even his songs to the verses of Verlaine, Baudelaire, and Pierre Louÿs are hardly known in London, and his "Blessed Damosel," which is to be heard at the Queen's Hall, was written when the composer was quite a young man and had won the Prix de Rome. Vincent d'Indy, another great French musician, who owes not a little to the inspiration of Berlioz, is seldom or never heard in London, though his operas have travelled beyond France, and much of his work has been heard with great favour at the Lamoureux Concerts. Of the later work of the more academic masters of French music, Massenet and Camille Saint-Saëns, very little has been heard in this country.

The revival of "La Gioconda" at Covent Garden proved once more that the performances given during the autumn season can challenge comparison with many that are heard in the spring. The music of the name-part was sung admirably by Madame Litvinne. Señor Vignas, who appeared as Enzo, demonstrated once again that he has improved very considerably since he was last in London, and Signor Luppi scored a distinct success in the part of Badoero. It is doubtful whether in the history of Covent Garden the beautiful Ballet of the Hours has been presented with greater charm or more scrupulous attention to the composer's wishes, and the measure of applause it evoked suggests that there is ample room at Covent Garden for ballet so capably produced. Although, from the dramatic standpoint, the book of "La Gioconda" is more ridiculous than the libretto of any opera we know—always excepting "La Traviata" and "Il Trovatore"—the quality of the performance was such that the house waxed quite enthusiastic. COMMON CHORD.



SURELY THE MOST ADVENTUROUS OF PIANISTS:
MR. HAROLD BAUER.

Mr. Harold Bauer, the well-known pianist, has just returned to England after an extensive tour abroad. His exciting experiences during this tour were many. Here is a list:—(a) Challenged in Barcelona to fight a duel by a Spanish marquis who talked loudly during the concert and was reproved by Mr. Bauer. (b) Arrested by the police near Moscow for playing a Hungarian dance instead of dancing it. The police thought that what appeared on the programme as a dance ought to be danced. (c) Attacked by mosquitoes in the Argentine. (d) Conducted through an underground passage in Spain to escape from the mob, who had been too excited by his playing. (e) Severely bruised while being shouldered by a crowd of American enthusiasts. (f) Nerves upset by a flashlight photographer who, without any warning, photographed him while he was playing. (g) Played Beethoven to a thousand Red Indians in Arizona.—So the "Evening Standard." What a sinecure Mr. Bauer's press-agent must have had!—[Photograph by Histed.]

was exposed may well have made him careless of work that had no immediate market. The song-writer of to-day who grumbles because his labour brings him a very small reward would doubtless take heart of grace if he paused to remember that Schubert sold many a song for something under a shilling.

Mr. Arthur Broadley, who gave a 'cello recital at the Bechstein Hall last week, is a Yorkshireman who enjoys great popularity at home, and was fortunate in securing a very large and friendly audience in town. It is his endeavour to accentuate the emotional side of his work, and to avoid excess of devotion to mere technical accomplishment that makes so much playing quite arid. Unfortunately, Mr. Broadley would seem to have passed to the other extreme, and his attack upon the 'cello and piano Sonata in F major, by Richard Strauss, was quite lacking in the necessary vigour and abandon. With Mr. Hamilton Harty at the piano, it seemed as though the composer had written a piano piece, and that the 'cello was not intended to stand on the same level.

To-morrow week the Concertgoers' Club will open its winter season at the Royal Academy of Music. Mr. Joseph Bennett, the veteran critic of the *Daily Telegraph*, will read a paper entitled "The Immortal in Music," and Lord Alverstone will take the chair. For the December gathering Mr. Landon Ronald will deliver an address with the promising title, "Is England Musical?" The vexed question is one upon which Mr. Ronald can speak with



OUR LOSS, AMERICA'S GAIN: MME. KIRKBY LUNN, WHO IS GOING
TO THE UNITED STATES.

Mme. Lunn gave a farewell recital at the Bechstein Hall on Friday last before leaving for America. For a long time past she has been bombarded with offers to return to New York, where she is immensely popular, and these have at length become so insistent that she has been unable longer to refuse, and she will appear at the Metropolitan Opera House in many of her favourite rôles this winter. Londoners will therefore have no other opportunity of hearing her until next spring.—[Photograph by Frank C. Bangs Co.]

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE FLAT SEASON—THE GRAND MILITARY—FAT HORSES.

THE flat-racing season will be brought to a close at Manchester on Nov. 23, and, according to appearances, the interest in the sport of kings will be maintained to the final fall of the flag. The season has been one of the best since the South African War began, and the Park meetings should at least be able to maintain their dividends up to last year's rates. Higgs, who rode a fine race in the Cambridgeshire on Land League, is the leading jockey of the year. He is a good horseman, and has worked hard at his profession, and thoroughly deserves his position. Maher has put up a fine record for big races, and Halsey, the rejuvenated, has a remarkable record for a man of his years. He began life as a butcher-boy, and delivered meat on horseback. Then he rode at work for the late Stephen Woodland, who had several steeplechasers in training. He was soon given mounts in public, and has ridden in the Grand National. After this he trained jumpers for Mr. J. A. Miller at Michel Grove, and ultimately gave up the jumping business, and devoted his whole time to riding on the flat. He is a splendid finisher, a wonderful judge of form, and a nice fellow. Halsey's son is apprenticed to one of the North Country stables, and in time he should follow successfully in his father's footsteps. Halsey senior rode Woolwinder to victory in the St. Leger, J. Reiff rode Orby in the Derby, Randall won the Oaks on Glass Doll, Lynham was successful on Witch Elm in the One Thousand, and Higgs rode Slieve Gallion to victory in the Two Thousand. Of the winning owners, Mr. W. Hall Walker heads the list, thanks to the stakes won by White Eagle and Witch Elm. Next on the list come Mr. J. B. Joel, Lord Derby, Mr. W. Bass, and Colonel E. W. Baird. Of the trainers, Robinson, Taylor, and the Hon. George Lambton have done well. Willie Waugh has not had a record season with the Kingsclere horses, and a coughing epidemic has played the very dickens with Sam Darling's stable at Beckhampton. The King's trainer, R. Marsh, has had one of his lean years.

I hope the rumour that the Grand Military fixture is to be removed from Sandown Park to Newbury after next year is not correct, as there is no course in England, with the exception of Aintree, so well adapted to test the ability of both horse and rider as that at Sandown Park. The jumps are always well built up, and the up-and-down course is one that requires scientific riding, while the finish is severe enough, in all

conscience. Further, Esher is easily get-at-able by motor and train from London and Aldershot, while it is more convenient than Newbury to the jumping stables. Moreover, there is no place in the country where racing can be viewed so well as on the Esher slopes. The one drawback to Sandown is the distance from the

station to the ground; but this does not affect the motor-car brigade. It is necessary to explain that I have no fault whatever to find with the jumping course at Newbury. It is well laid out and is easily got over, but it is not, in my opinion, to be compared with that at Sandown, from the sportsman's point of view. The Military riders enjoy a stiff country. Again, the betting is always good at Sandown, as the bookmakers know they are always certain of plenty of business, and they appear to let themselves go when laying against them at the popular Surrey enclosure. The club accommodation at Sandown is perfect, while the arrangements generally are all that could be desired.

For the next few weeks we shall, no doubt, see many half-fit horses running under National Hunt rules—animals that are intended to go out for some of the £1000 prizes to be contested after Christmas has come and gone. Backers will therefore consult their own interests by discarding the book for a time and following the sharp division, known as the professional backers. These gentlemen are often given more credit than they deserve for smartness, as they get their knowledge first hand simply through their being requisitioned to assist in working the commission. It is, however, safe to conclude that they seldom or never back horses that are not fit. Thus they are to a certain extent safe guides. But one has always to face a difficulty in the matter of some trainers, who have plenty of pluck and very little judgment, and are all the time suggesting that their very little ducks are

big swans. On the other hand, the extra-careful men who think their horses are just on the map, and eventually see the animals romp home, are not paying advisers. We often hear of an owner changing

stables after his horses have won, and not while they keep on losing. This will account for it. Some of the old horses that have been running over hurdles for years do better when they have had a long rest. This is seen by the results at the commencement of almost every season, when old friends turn up and win easily, whereas they are stumped up after a week or two's hard work.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



THE REAL TEDDY-BEAR: A BLACK BEAR THAT FELL TO MR. ROOSEVELT.

During his recent hunting trip President Roosevelt and his party accounted for three bears, six deer, a wild turkey, twelve squirrels, a duck, a wild cat, and an opossum. All, save the wild cat, were eaten by the hunters.—[Photograph by H. H. Ballou.]



THE KAISER AS FOLLOWER OF THE HOUNDS: HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY'S PACK.

Photograph by Haackel.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Treading on Royalties.

This month it is difficult to take a morning walk in London without treading on a King, an Empress, a Queen, or a War-Lord. Nor have the monarchs of the future been left behind in their nurseries. They bring their *nou-nous* and toys, and affably join the illustrious travellers who now reign in their stead. A bundle of white satin

represents the heir to one of the most ancient and picturesque of European monarchies. An urchin in a red suit, the Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, has captured the imagination of the public, as well as his near relations, by his cheery and engaging personality. Assuredly, Windsor and London seem to be the Mecca and Medina of Western, as well as Eastern potentates. In England, to be sure, there are no Anarchist bombs to be envisaged, but Scotland Yard is busy nevertheless, for London is the happy home and hiding-place of all the desperadoes of politics. Yet everybody knows that all will go well as the proverbial marriage-bell while the monarchs of Germany, Spain, and Norway are shopping in Bond Street, shooting at Windsor, and receiving honours at Guildhall. It is not an ideal time of year

for Queens and Empresses to be in England; but, even without the attractions of pheasant battues, the imperial and royal ladies seem by no means loth to come. Every year London becomes more and more the world's centre, and with its spaciousness, its beauty, and its multifarious interests and amusements, it is deservedly the capital of the West.

Inordinate Pretensions.

The fact would seem to be that marriages are largely unsuccessful owing to the inordinate pretensions of both parties in respect to each other's graces of mind and body. A man, however feeble and insignificant, demands from his bride the form of the Venus of Medici, the charm of Madame Récamier, and the prudence of Hannah More. Naturally he does not get these divergent qualities united in one flesh-and-blood girl, and his disappointment sometimes makes him querulous and unreasonable. Women, particularly bachelor-women and widows, are more philosophical and more moderate in their ideals, but it must be owned that the carefully brought up young person of immature age has sometimes extraordinary notions of what a husband should be like. In the interests, no doubt, of the human race, there is a conspiracy among matrons not to let the young ones know how disagreeable husbands can be in the intimacy of the home. This, no doubt, is all to the good if the race must needs be perpetuated, and it is certain that Woman has always been the chief conspirator in this momentous affair of peopling the earth. For herself, on the whole, she does not demand or expect perfection in a husband, and this because, like Nature, "she has her reasons"—which, like Nature, she absolutely declines to tell.



[Copyright.]
A BLOUSE OF CRÊPE-DE-CHINE, SKETCHED AT
MESSRS. JOHN BARKER'S, KENSINGTON.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

As I have hardly ever induced a cabman to drive me more than five hundred yards without having to disburse the sum of one shilling and sixpence sterling, to sing a song of sixpenny hansoms sounds like an incredible nonsense-rhyme. Who, one wonders, will be the intrepid pioneer who will hand up for the first time half-a-dozen pence to the haughty sportsman who sits aloft and handles the ribbons? How will this modest guerdon be received, and in what lurid phrases, one marvels, will "cabbie" tender his thanks? Then, too, there is the aspect of the streets to be considered, and the inevitably less smart condition of the vehicles. In Russia, where "droshkys" are exceedingly cheap, the frowziest moujiks and their families drive about St. Petersburg and Moscow in cabs, and the traveller, at any rate, feels no desire to occupy a carriage recently vacated by a party of these gentry. Perhaps this winter we shall see the unemployed surging out of inexpensive hansoms. Yet even these may be out of reach of the proletariat, for the French *pourboire* system is nearly certain to come in with the cheaper rates, as it has already done with the motor-cab, so that, by the time we have tipped the driver generously, the vaunted sixpenny fare may prove to be our old friend in a new guise.

A Song of Six- penny Hansoms.

The Art and Craft of Choosing a Husband.

The Art and Craft of Choosing a Husband.

on what are considered in America humorous topics, such, for

The genial editor of that somewhat stately periodical, the *North American Review*, is suddenly bursting out into light-hearted gaiety, and writes himself, in its penultimate pages,



[Copyright.]
A SMART RAIN-COAT SKETCHED AT THE
AQUASCUTUM CO.'S, 100, REGENT STREET.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

THE streets are quite lively, and the most powerful motor avails little for speed in the West End, so much time having to be given up to worrying and palpitating through blocks in the traffic, aggravated by the continued indisposition of the roads, still in a state of eruption. If one's car gets wedged against the car of a friend in a block all the civilities of a visit can be exchanged. The other day I saw and heard two ladies discussing their programme for the week through the windows of their respective cars at the corner of Albemarle Street. The special block that day was caused by a reception at No. 41 of that fashionable thoroughfare. A new star has arisen there in the firmament of modistes. Rather, I should say, a brilliant planet has removed its illuminating centre further West, and asks all its feminine worshippers to inspect the new arrangements made in their behoof. Mme. Fanny Southwood had something to show too. Not only are her spacious rooms delightful—a harmony in rose, ivory, or palest pastel tints, with just those touches in ornament, floral and otherwise, that bespeak an artist's taste—but the models are really revelations of cleverness.

There are dresses of all kinds, from the tailor build—where the figure is modelled and moulded rightly, whether Nature has done her duty by it or not—to the most elaborate ball-dresses. Each one is a marvel of suitability to the occasion, to the season, to the wearer, to the style of the hour, to the right lines of the female form divine. Then the colours are right—so important a thing in these days. The colours are indescribable, quite fascinating and becoming, but answering to no name. To describe these models were to do them an injustice, since it is in colour, line, and detail that they so greatly excel. Therefore they should be seen and not read about. The modiste is known already to a large clientèle for her powers of fitting—if I mistake not, it will soon be so much larger that she, as well as women who like to be well dressed, will bless the day she came to shine in the midst of the milliners' constellation of the West. Her beams will go far and be bright.

The Prince of Asturias and Prince Olaf are the lions of the day. Their roars are as soft as the coos of sucking-doves, and they are as blissfully unconscious of their own celebrity as the North Pole of its assiduous seekers; but the sentiment about them is full of charm, and reflects credit on us as a people. Child-lovers are nice folk, because only nice natures appreciate the sweetness of childhood. It is not because these small personages are great that they are being worshipped. Their position makes them symbolical,



A HAT A YARD WIDE: A FINE CREATION WORN BY MME. SARAH BERNHARDT IN "LA TOÛSCA"—MADE BY THE MAISON LEWIS, 210, REGENT STREET, W.

The hat is made of mauve silk, trimmed with mauve ostrich-feathers and green plumes, with long paradise-feathers.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

but it is the childhood of them that appeals. Queen Maud shows great talent in the way she dresses her boy—there is such a pretty assumption of embryonic manhood in his coats and caps and gaiters, and a manly wee man he is. There is a keenness about the people

to see the royal parents, who will be the last to be offended, that is exceeded by eagerness to see their children.

Winter evenings are auspicious times for competitions, therefore a new one, started by the Erasmic Soap Company, will be eagerly welcomed. It is a beauty competition, with £250 first prize, £100 second prize, and £50 third, fifty prizes of £1 each, and a hundred prizes of 10s. each.

A page of a dozen pictures of favourites of public life who habitually use this wonderful soap is given, and competitors have to arrange them in order of merit, as placed by the majority, as shown in the tabulated returns. Competitors attach a wrapper from either the Peerless or Elite soap or the Erasmic Coal-tar soap and fill in the coupon, which can be obtained from the company at Warrington. It will be quite fascinating to put all these pretty girls in order of merit.

Looks—by which I mean attractive, youthful looks—are the possessions with which our sex is least willing to part. Yet there are few of us who don't impose on our good looks, and few of us who spend enough money and thought on them. We buy frocks and ornaments to set them off, and neglect the poor chief thing—themselves. Now, Mrs. Berkeley has salons at 110, New Bond Street, where the restoring of good looks that have suffered from neglect, and the retention of them when restored, is a cult. The specialties used are guaranteed pure, and the treatment is one of common-sense, based on trained skill. Once the muscles of the face are developed, they need no keeping up, and so the precious contour is preserved. Also, the treatment is delightful and curative of all nerve-pain. Try it!

On "Woman's Ways" page will be found a drawing made by our Artist at the Aquascutum Company's fine premises in Regent Street. The word is a household one now as much as washing-day, and something in the same connection, since the Aquascutum fabrics protect us absolutely from incursions of rain-water. The grand thing about them is that they are porous, and that no cloth or tweed, or any fabric, suffers in the least in appearance by being submitted to the mysterious process which, for our climate, gives such altogether desirable results. The big coat illustrated is of rough greenish tweed, with a stripe in it. It is a remarkably smart, business-like garment, with cuffs that button over for rain. The Aquascutum garments are so beautifully cut and moulded that their style is now known and sought after everywhere.

On "Woman's Ways" page also is a drawing by our Artist of one of John Barker's, Kensington, world-famous blouses of crêpe-de-chine, with wide tucks alternating with Valenciennes lace, and a vest of guipure lace, beneath which is a natty waistcoat of chené silk edged with braid. Saying that this dainty garment can be had in all colours, and in black and ivory lace, for 39s. 6d. is proving that most excellent value and unimpeachable style are procurable at moderate cost in this famous establishment.

Every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, up to March 29, the Brighton Railway Company will be issuing cheap week-end tickets to Paris, via their Newhaven and Dieppe route, by the train leaving Victoria at 10 a.m., at fares 39s. 3d. first class and 30s. 3d. second class, and from both their Victoria and London Bridge termini by the night service leaving at 9.10 p.m., at fare 26s. return. Holders of these tickets may return from Paris at 9.20 p.m. on Saturday, Sunday, or Monday, while holders of the first and second class tickets may also return by the 10.20 a.m. train from Paris on any Saturday, Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday.

An you desire to render your boots thoroughly waterproof, and at the same time obtain a brilliant surface, you are advised to try Day and Martin's boot polish "Just Out." It imparts a radiance that lasts all day.



PRESENTED BY LORD BURNHAM.

On his retirement from the Mastership of the Spectacle-makers' Company the other day, Lord Burnham presented the Company with a handsome silver cup, the order for which was entrusted to Messrs. J. W. Benson, Ltd., 62 and 64, Ludgate Hill, E.C. The cup, which is here illustrated, stands, with its plinth, 21½ inches high.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 12.

AFTER THE TERROR.

HOW imperfectly we appreciated, when we wrote these notes for our last issue, the full effects of the American panic is evident from our answer to a correspondent ("Scottie"), in which we said that we thought there was more chance of Canadas seeing 170 than 150. It is true they have not actually touched the lower level, but they have gone perilously near it, and he would be a bold man who would now repeat the opinion. The truth is that Canadian finance is even more intimately mixed up with Wall Street than most of us cared to admit, while from Berlin there is trouble which might easily develop into an acute form, and several large accounts on this market have had to be liquidated. With other aspects of the Canadian Pacific we deal in the next Note.

We hope we are not over-sanguine in the heading of this paragraph, and we have good reason for thinking that although a high Bank rate and dear money will probably continue for the remainder of the year, and that liquidation of undigested securities must go on for even a longer time, what we have to look forward to is rather the aftermath of the great storm than a new hurricane.

CANADAS: LIMITATIONS AND POSSIBILITIES.

Some people now begin to talk as though purchases of the stock should be delayed until Canadas are upon a 5 per cent. basis of yield. In other words, they argue that at 140 Canadas can be considered cheap, the calculation leaving out of account whatever bonus may accrue to holders by the probable issue of new capital at a low price. That every investor does not regard the future quite so darkly as a 5 per cent. basis on the present rate of dividend would imply is manifest from the substantial way in which people have been buying small lots of shares. The marking-boards of the Stock Exchange bear eloquent witness to the investment demand which is a feature of the market. The newspapers cannot reproduce the transactions recorded on many days, because the marks run well over a century. Canada's prosperity is, perhaps, near its immediate apex, and the check administered to the Dominion by the harvest proving less bountiful than was at first anticipated is one potent reason for the drop in the price of the shares. Other reasons there have been, of course, and still are, to explain the slump. The American smash in itself was sufficient to drive the price down a score of dollars. We look for recovery, not fast, perhaps, and to prices much below those which the cheerful optimist predicted when Canadas stood at twice par. But 170 seems a modest estimate for the shares to reach in the future.

CONSOLS AND GILT-EDGED STOCKS.

Monetary stringency notwithstanding, Consols are not at all a bad market. A vast amount has been absorbed by public investors within the last few months, and although the storm and stress of Wall Street trouble has contributed to depression of the price, the public purchases cannot but tell in the long-run. Upon this side of the New Year it would, perhaps, be somewhat unreasonable to anticipate any noticeable improvement in the Funds, but the price will be ex-dividend in another month's time, giving the stock a cheap appearance once more. Cheaper still, however, is the 2½ per cent Guaranteed stock, commonly called Irish, the return upon which works out to 3¼ per cent. on the money, with dividends payable on the First of January and July. Consols at 82½ yield about a shilling above the round 3 per cent.

TEXTILE SHARES.

Three million pounds profit as the result of one year's trading is an amount which sets us all wishing we were original holders of shares in the J. and P. Coats Company, which has just accomplished the feat of making this sum. (Incidentally, there is grim irony in the thought of three million pounds profit, and of the other profit—received by thousands of sweated, hapless workpeople, the awful burden of whose lives the "Song of the Shirt" does but hint at. Not that the one has any connection with the other, save the accidental: if cotton were cheaper, the sweaters would no doubt dole out even less than they do now.) To revert, such figures as these, apart from their value to Free Trade supporters, seem to show that the cotton industry has become more and more centralised, and that J. and P. Coats have the cream of the business. They are also useful in serving to encourage holders of English Sewing Cotton shares, because the two Companies work together in many ways, and the English undertaking is partly fathered by the Scotch. From those in the trade we hear that the spinners have been making splendid profits. They fell upon bad days some years ago, and the recent Lancashire distress remains in the memory of most of us. Now, however, double shifts are being worked in many cases, and the cotton trade booms in the North of England. That it may long continue to do so will be the very cordial wish of us all, with a codicil of hope that prices of commodities will rise no higher for some long time to come.

LIVERPOOL NITRATE.

The declaration of a final dividend of 32s. 6d. per share on Liverpool Nitrates, making, with the interim dividend, 60s. for the year, bears out the confident prediction previously expressed here by our well-informed correspondent "Q"—namely, that the Company would distribute £3 per share per annum. We have reason to believe that he still regards Liverpools as the pick of the Nitrate basket.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Finance, we have been told, knows no politics. It may be true, considered as an abstract proposition. But financiers—have they no politics? One has only to talk with any man interested in property—either stocks, shares, house, land, or similar investments—to hear politics introduced into the subject within the first ten minutes. We are concerned as little with one political party as with the others; but in our capacity as chroniclers of the hour's financial phases it becomes us to notice the trend of view, the current of thought, reflecting public opinion. In London there is increasing dissatisfaction at the badness of trade in many directions. "There is no money about," says everyone.

THE INDICTMENT.

Unlet shops and houses, greater difficulty in the collection of debts, unwillingness to embark upon investment or speculation, profound anxiety at the growing demands of Labour, pronounced suspicion of the glowing Board of Trade Returns when trade in the Metropolis is poor, the higher cost of living as enforced by the rise in food, fuel, clothing—complaints of such things as these we find to be general in all classes of the community where income is not measured by a weekly wage. To put the matter in a line, there is a general feeling of unrest and insecurity. The reason? Eight people out of ten will say without thinking or hesitation that this state of affairs is due to a Government accused of pandering to Socialism, of coddling the working man. What truth there may be in the indictment is a question which we prefer for the moment to leave to others. We pause for your replies. Brief, pithy, pertinent replies, if you please.

Saturday, Nov. 2, 1907.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. F. B. Yes, if you have pluck, buy Yankées—such as Pennsylvanias, Illinois, or New York Central. They may all go lower, but if you wait to get in at the bottom you will never get in at all.

SOUTH AFRICA.—We cannot answer your question half as well as you can yourself on the spot. As far as we can see, the Kafir revival is further off than ever in this market.

ANDY.—The following securities should give you 5½ per cent. all round. (1) River Plate Gas shares. (2) Pennsylvania Railway Ordinary stock. (3) Antofagasta Preferred Ordinary.

LIVERPOOL.—The dividend was out on the 31st ultimo, so that our opinion of what it is likely to be can have no value. See Note above.

NOVICE.—Probably you would be wise to sell all. No. 1 is a good concern, but Marconi may injure its trade, and as to Nos. 2 and 3, we think the best of the Iron boom is over. No. 4 is a gamble, and these are not times for that sort of thing.

CLERICUS.—We think you should hold both, but do not advise purchase of more. Will let you know price of the Japanese Debentures next week. The others stand about 85, and the market view is that the interest will be duly met.

M. L. J.—Have nothing to do with either firm.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I think the Liverpool Cup will be won by Glacis. Other selections for the meeting are—Becton Steeplechase, Domino; St. Leger, Altitude; Lancashire Handicap, Yellow Peril; Knowsley Nursery, Poor Boy; Anchor Nursery, Duegna; Grand Sefton Steeplechase, Rathvale; Stewards' Plate, Sham Fight; Duchy Plate, Japan; Downe Nursery, Nobleman; Croxteth Plate, Snowflight; Valentine Steeplechase, Cackler; November Hurdle, Bachelor's Hill; Ormerod Plate, Tit for Tat. At Windsor the following may go close—King's Birthday Handicap, Nulli Secundus; Ivor Nursery, Veldt; Frogmore Welter, Summer; Lock Nursery, Jess.

SOME MOTOR NOTES.

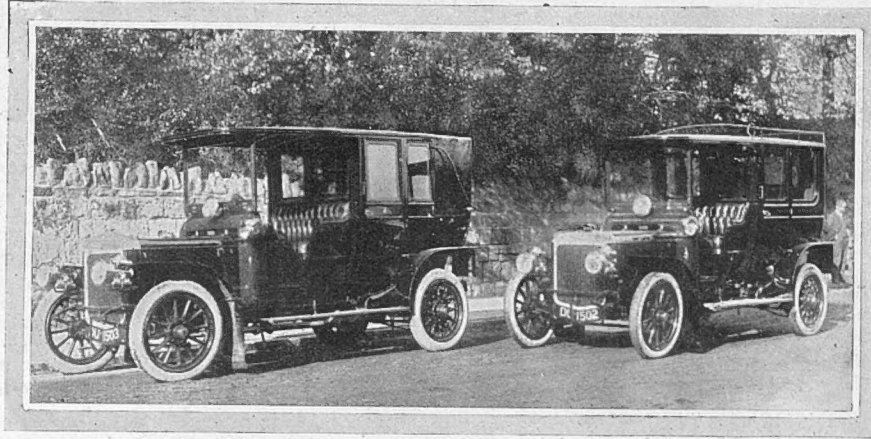
RUMOUR hath ever a lying tongue, and to-day mendacious statements fly far and wide in less time than it takes to chronicle them. Only just lately a report reached this country from Milan to the effect that the Fiat Company in that city had closed down their works by reason of over-production. Such a report was not calculated to have a good effect, either upon the business of Fiat Motors, Limited, London, or the lately promoted Fiat Cab Company. As a matter of fact, the Fiat Works in Milan have never been stopped for a single day, save by a forty-eight hours' strike on the part of certain hands, and a forty-eight hours' lock-out consequent upon that strike. At the present moment the Fiat works are working night shifts, and motor-cab chassis for the Cab Company are already arriving.

The report of the Fuels Committee of the Motor Union is just out, and a very voluminous and weighty affair it is, running in all to some eighty pages of closely printed matter. I fear that few, if any, automobilists will ever peruse it from cover to cover, although it is extremely interesting to those who seriously appreciate the position of the matter. Dipping into the report itself, impressive and remarkable facts are met with. For instance, how many recall—or indeed even know—that before the advent of the motor-car, petrol was practically considered as a waste product, as a nuisance to be got rid of by burning or evaporation, and as having a very small commercial value as a solvent and for cleaning purposes? To-day it is the most valuable component of the crude mineral oil from which it is obtained.

The original sources of supply, the Pennsylvanian oil-beds, are rapidly becoming exhausted, and this in the face of an ever-increasing demand in the United States, which has largely reduced the imports into this country. But for the discovery of new fields in the East we should by now have been in parlous evil case, as the imports from other quarters do not approach 10 per cent. of the consumption. It is admitted on all hands by the experts that the supply of petroleum is strictly limited, and that total exhaustion of all the sources of supply is merely a matter of time—and that, probably, a comparatively short period. An American expert, speaking of the Western Pennsylvanian wells, said—"Our children will merely, and with difficulty, drain the dregs."

Another serious feature with regard to the fuel-supply for our motor traffic is the well-known fact that the petrol-supply of the world is in the hands of two huge trusts, one of which is American and the other half-Dutch, and neither of them would hesitate for one moment to slaughter the automobile industry of the world if it served their ends so to do. Although petrol-supply is to both of them a hugely profitable business, and both are strain-

ing every nerve to increase the present yield and discover fresh fields, the fact of the ever-increasing price of the spirit must not be disregarded. The report shows us that in November 1904 the price to the private consumer was 10d. per gallon. A year later it had risen 1d., and by the middle of the following January it was a round shilling. Towards the end of February 1906 it went up ½d., reached 1s. 1d. in May, and leaped 2d. on Aug. 2. In December of last year it was 1s. 4d., but it has fallen 1d. since then. That is an increase of 6d. per gallon in two years—sixpence more, say, for every twenty miles covered.



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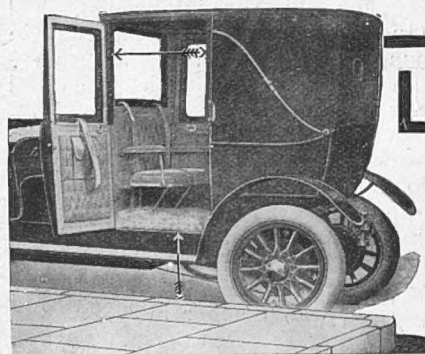
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